

BARRE DAILY TIMES

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 Frank E. Lavigey, Publisher.

MONDAY, MAY 6, 1907.

The average daily circulation of the Barre Daily Times for the week ending Saturday was

4,605

copies, the largest paid circulation of any daily paper in this section.

By the way, what has become of our new postoffice?

So Middlesex shares the "honors" with Barre in Washington county.

Just the same, beware where you spit, or expectorate; it all amounts to the same thing.

A newspaper headline "Turkey Gives up the Fight" brings to mind next Thanksgiving day.

Hang up the fish-pole. Anyway, it wouldn't be of practical use for a week or more at least.

A smoking revolver and a half-burned cigarette were found beside the body of a New York suicide Saturday, both takers of life.

Young Jay Gould, international court tennis champion is handling a tennis racket with as much force and skill as his famous relative handled the money market in his day.

Now that the body of the Marvin boy has been found in Delaware, a man and a woman accompanied by a fair-haired child may feel reasonably safe from arrest as suspects in kidnapping anywhere east of the Rockies.

Political matters in Vermont are taking a personal point when the Montpelier Journal asks Lieutenant Governor Prouty, candidate for governor, "Have you received from the present chief executive of Vermont certain positive assurances of political support and was your candidacy predicated thereon?"

Tut! Tut! Mr. Bryan, you're alienating the lawyers from yourself already with your out-poken talk. At Chicago the other evening the candidate-to-be for the presidency said: "Perhaps some time it will not be less disgraceful for a lawyer to assist in a gigantic robbery than for a highwayman to shoot and hold up the wayfarer. I know of a case recently in which they had to go to New York to get lawyers to represent the people because all the lawyers available nearer at hand had been bought up." Nevertheless, while alienating the lawyers, Bryan may be collecting other friends by being so candid in his statements.

INTEREST IN EDUCATION.

No nationality in this country has a monopoly on brains and happily no nationality has the exclusive use of books and means of education. Hence it must happen sooner or later, and oftentimes quite frequently, that the boys and girls of foreign birth will secure as many school and college honors in proportion to number as American youths. It may seem strange to some people in Vermont to see the former taking their positions in the public and private schools, but it is only the natural outcome. And for this The Times has no regrets, but on the contrary it is extremely pleased. To us it appears like a very satisfactory sign that the newcomers are taking enough interest in their books to oust the so-called native stock.

Yet at the same time we can join with the St. Albans Messenger in urging these latter to pay more attention to their schooling, not that we would pit nationality against nationality in the race for scholastic honors but rather brains against brains. The facts of the case may be that the native-born youths, careless of the generations of free education back of them, place too little valuation on a school and college course. In the course of a recent address, President Tucker of Dartmouth college, touched upon this very point when he stated that after investigation he had found that the parents of native-born children, the farmers of the country to be specific, were not making the sacrifices to send their children to advanced institutions that the previous generation made. Education was not valued so highly now as then. There is cause for disquietude in this situation. As a people we can scarcely be over-educated. When parents lose interest in the efforts of their children to gain an education, then the children themselves will lose courage in the effort, or at least, become careless. Whatever inclination there may be to undervalue schooling is to be deprecated, whether it be among the so-called native stock or the boys and girls from across the water.

Necktie shirts from 50c to \$2.00, at the Frank McWhorter Co. Store.



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Yes, and one of the important things is Dress. If you want a big assortment, come here. If you want new ideas, come here. If you want good quality, come here. If you want right price, come here.

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CHURCH AND CLERGY.

Last year the Beirut press printed 80,000,000 pages of gospel for distribution throughout the Arabic speaking world.

The Rev. Thomas Spurgeon has resigned the pastorate of Metropolitan temple, London, on account of ill health. He succeeded his father, the Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon, in 1892.

Tired of the pleasures of life, Joseph Dwight, son of Professor Thomas Dwight of the Harvard Medical school, has become a monk and has entered the Trappist monastery of Our Lady of the Valley at Lonsdale, N. I.

A notable Welsh preacher is the Rev. J. Puleston Jones, M. A. He has been blind since he was two years old, yet he prosecuted his studies at a local school and later on at Glasgow university. Subsequently he became a scholar at Balliol college, Oxford, where he graduated with honors in the school of history.

Prelates are what insurance men call "good risks," no matter what the form of their faith. Still active are the Methodist Bishop Bowman at ninety, the Episcopal Bishop Huntington at eighty-eight, the Catholic Archbishop Williams at eighty-five, the Catholic Bishop McQuaid at eighty-four and the Methodist Bishop Andrews at eighty-two.

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THE PEOPLES NATIONAL BANK

JINGLES AND JESTS.

The Eternal Quest.

Glady's as a little girl
 Loves the carousel's gay whirl.
 Cynosure of childish eyes,
 She's the winner of the prize.
 Children plaudits at her fling
 As she gains the "golden ring."

Glady's older grown, still feels
 Loyal to her young ideals.
 Undiminished is her zeal—
 Still upon the selfsame quest.
 Bridesmaids loud her praises sing
 When she's gained the golden ring.
 —New York Herald.

Not Saying.

"Was the social season a success with you?"
 "I don't know," answered Mr. Cumrox, "one of the girls is engaged, but none of them is married."—Washington Star.

Something Wrong.

"Is your chauffeur thoroughly competent?"
 "I'm afraid not. I've had him a month and he hasn't eloped with my wife yet."—Judge.

A Carnegie Courtship.

"I can read your heart like a book!" he cried.
 "On a library of love can I count?"
 "I will give my affections," the maid replied.
 "If you'll raise an equal amount!"
 —Lippincott's Magazine.

That's Never Level.

Lorette—it is said, you know, that "love levels all things."
 Batcheller—Yes, it may level all things except the lover's head.—Philadelphia Press.

Busting the Trusts.

Any statesman can bust up a trust if the people insist that he must.
 But the worst of it is
 That the blamed trusts will never stay bust.
 —New York Life.

Obviously.

Tom—Fred had his eyes glued on Miss Peachey during the entire evening.
 Jack—Stuck on her, eh?—Chicago News.

Her Revenge.

There was a young woman named Lulu,
 Who wished a rich man to come woo Lulu.
 But as none showed desire
 She got mad as fire
 And went off and married a Zulu.
 —Baltimore American.

Not Necessary.

Hewitt—Are you going away this summer?
 Jewett—I may not have to; my wife may go.—New York Press.

The Modern Girl.

"And have you ever loved before?"
 He asked, "I pray you, speak!"
 She blushed; her sweet eyes sought his floor.
 She answered, "Not this week."
 —Philadelphia Press.

The Difference.

"I never told a fish lie in my life."
 "Well, I'll admit the one you're telling now ain't a fish lie."—Atlanta Constitution.

Poem of Passion.

In the gloaming during spring
 The air is chill,
 Meet me, love, and with you bring
 A quinine pill.
 —Philadelphia Bulletin.

Always Thus.

Hart—I did Marks a favor.
 Dart—Well?
 Hart—Now he tells everybody he worked me.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Her Chief Assistant.

When lovely woman stoops to folly
 And makes the watchful gossip yelp,
 You'll always find, on looking closely,
 That there's a man around to help.
 —Chicago Record-Herald.

A Serious One.

"What is the chief problem in your play?"
 "How to induce a manager to read it."—Minneapolis Journal.

Out of the Calendar.

Spring poets caused us yearly woes.
 We couldn't drop 'em.
 We've discontinued spring and go
 Contrived to stop 'em.
 —Washington Star.

Never Heard From.

Wilfred—Ma, what are silent letters?
 Mrs. De Style—The ones your father forgets to mail.—Woman's Home Companion.

The Loud Eater.

Of table manners such as his
 No mortal could be proud;
 The greatest trouble with him is
 He will eat soup aloud.
 —Atlanta Constitution.

IN VOGUE.

Pongee Silk For Traveling Dresses.

Empire Trimming Effects.
 Pongee silk is here again, and like taffeta and foulard, has improved with age. For certain occasions there is nothing equal to it. As a traveling dress in gun metal, golden brown silk pongee, though a trifle expensive, is the best of all materials. It can be made as traveling dresses are made—with long coat and plaited skirt. And this season, out of regard for the fondness for hand embroidery, there can be a border of hand work around the hem, or the pongee can be trimmed with bands of taffeta arranged in pointed design.

When the shirt waist suits are to be considered—for the shirt waist suit is



GREEN SILK GOWN—\$515, 5604.

by no means dead—there are cheap silks that make up beautifully for the purpose. There is a glance taffeta that is the best shirt waist silk on the market.

For the empire effects both fringe and tassels are used for trimming, and some of the most expensive braids are set off by narrow fringe, such as are used for trimming bedroom curtains. Rosettes combining velvet ribbon and taffeta and chenille and lace are set at intervals in the trimming. These must be very small and Frenchy.

The plain blouses, with their studs and separate collar and cuffs, are unquestionably more complicated to carry out, but they are apt to look trim and smart much longer than the lingerie bodice, and, too, they give far more satisfactory wear, so that they bring their owners compensations.

The gown illustrated is of reseda green foulard silk dotted with black. The skirt is in three sections, edged with narrow velvet black ribbon, each of which has a straight lower edge. The yoke is of heavy lace.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

St. George's Lake.

St. George's lake, in Liberty, is said to be one of the handsomest sheets of water in Maine. It is fed almost entirely by springs, and its waters are so clear that objects on its bottom can be seen plainly when the water is many feet deep. The water at the outlet of the lake passes down a descent, and the fall in three-quarters of a mile is estimated to be 175 feet.

Norway Seaweed.

Norway's seaweed, used as fuel, yields a greater revenue than its fisheries.

The Kind Hearted Burmese.

If an animal is ill or hurt the Burman gives it the best of care, but never kills it to put it out of its misery. "Poor beast," he says. "Let him live his little life," and he gives it grass and water until it dies.

George IV.

An English writer declares that George IV. was the most entirely odious man that ever disgraced the British throne.

Honey.

For those with weakened digestive powers honey is said to be a very desirable food. If a person is very tired—"too exhausted to eat"—a few tastes of honey will act like magic.

Musical Staircase.

A staircase has been invented which plays tunes as it is walked up and down upon. A series of pins is pressed by the feet and plays songs and drums, while others are connected with collapsible chambers, which blow various instruments.

A Convict's Scheme.

[Copyright, 1907, by P. C. Eastment.]
 A rich man coveted a certain piece of ground belonging to a poor man. He wanted the land to get the poor man out of his neighborhood. The poor man refused to sell, and in his anger and chagrin the rich man made a felonious assault. This was squarely proved, and, although with his money he made a great fight of it, he was sent to our prison for two years. If he had come like other prisoners, it would have been better for him, but he came in a defiant spirit, began kicking at once and in a day almost had all the officials down on him. When he refused to work or abide by the rules and regulations, he was punished, and there was war between him and the warden for long months. There was sufficient outside influence to secure his pardon after fourteen months, and the man left the prison vowing vengeance.

He determined to get revenge for what he called his indignities. In prison he had but one friend, and that was the doctor. He made friends with the doctor because he lent the latter money. It was no secret in the prison that the doctor was given to drink. There were occasions when he was drunk for two or three days at a time. As a rule, such a man would soon have been fired, but in this case he was a friend of the governor of the state and had a political pull. When too much under the influence of drink to attend to business, his place was taken temporarily by a doctor from town. We got to know this substitute, of course, and he was allowed to pass everywhere, the same as the regular man. It was on this substitute that the rich man worked in his pecuniary difficulties and was offered \$5,000 to carry certain plans through. What he did was to work upon the weakness of the prison doctor and keep him drunk more than half the time for three months. None of us had the least suspicion that anything wrong was going on. Convicts were treated in the hospital, in their cells, and the substitute made sanitary inspection of the kitchen and other departments. He made friends with turnkeys and with prisoners and was voted a good fellow.

It took him three months to perfect his plans, and but for a little slip he would have brought about the biggest mutiny and the greatest prison delivery on record. We then had in the prison over 600 convicts, and nearly 100 were lifers. Among the others were robbers, burglars and generally desperate characters—men who would not hesitate a moment to take life to get beyond the bars. We were short handed, and every official had to exercise the utmost vigilance. One day in the chair shop I pulled a careless prisoner back from a saw that would have certainly inflicted a fatal injury. In return for this when he had recovered from his scare he asked to speak a few words to me in private that night. I managed it so that he was taken from his cell and brought to my room. I did not anticipate that the interview would amount to much. In any prison there are always a certain number of convicts looking to give something away for their own betterment, and their information is seldom worth heeding.

This man had not been talking to me five minutes when I felt my hair trying to stand on end. The substitute doctor had not only had false keys made to the several wickers, but had planned a general outbreak with the convicts. No one single convict had been left out. Those who had at first refused to join were forced in by being told that they would be killed. The revolt was to take place next morning as the men rose from the breakfast tables to march into the yards and to the shops. Fifty revolvers had been smuggled in for the convicts, and the leader was a highway robber under a long sentence. The officials were to be shot down or locked up, the convicts were to resume the citizen clothing stored away, and what lock could be found was to be evenly divided. The prison was then to be fired and the 600 men to scatter.

Once in possession of the particulars, you can believe I lost no time in notifying the warden. He in turn notified himself. The convicts had been locked in for the night. A guard of four men visited the cells in rotation, and they not only found the revolvers, but a great many other weapons. The rule of the prison was to search every cell every third day, but this had been neglected, and the substitute doctor knew that it had.

The convicts realized at once that the plot had been betrayed, and from that moment to daylight next morning there were yelling, screaming and cursing. There was no getting out of their cells, but they made the night hideous and acted like so many wild beasts. Their cells were not unlocked next morning, and neither did one of them have a mouthful to eat. As a matter of fact, they were kept under lock and key and without either food or water for forty hours before they gave in. Then they became humble, and order was restored. Even the leader of the plot was willing to answer all questions, and we soon had all the details. But it was too late to catch the town doctor. He had taken the alarm and fled. The prison doctor sobbed up sufficiently to try to bluff it out, but his place was vacant after three days. The man who betrayed the plot had to be taken from among the prisoners to save his life, as suspicion at once attached to him, and a month later the governor pardoned him and gave him money to reach a distant state. M. QUAD.

East Indian Potatoes.

Only three native potatoes of British India are entitled to a salute of twenty-one guns—namely, the maharajah of Baroda (Gaekwar), the maharajah of Hyderabad and the maharajah of Mysore.

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We have the above in all sizes and can fit you. For one week only the price is 48c per pair.

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 will bring sure results.

An Advertisement in the Times
 will bring sure results.

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